

Lt. Frank W. Loops, O-667527
432 Sqdn, 17th Bomb. Gp.
A.P.O. 650, 9 Postmaster NYC



Mr. + Mrs. Charles E. Loops
5418-13th St., N.W.
Washington, (11) D.C.
U.S.A.

Censored by:
FW Loops, Lt. A.C.

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A.P.O. 650, 90 Postmaster N.Y.C.
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Hiya, Folks:-

Heu 'tis Sunday again
and I've been writing you
all day, but never quite
getting around to it! - Nothing
unusual about that, I suppose!

Have spent a pretty busy
week this past one. - If you can
associate the dates and remember
the flare up in Italy - you
can at least guess why we
might have an extra burst
of activity! - You know we
must be pretty well occupied
when even I start flying
missions regularly! - However,

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none of us begrudge the extra work if anything is gained by it. -

Have just gotten back from Corsica. Didn't leave here until a couple hours after lunch, and got back in time for supper! - It struck me - on our way up - here I was, going for a ride on Sunday afternoon, just as we used to - only in about the same length of time that our rides around the surrounding countryside consumed - I was covering the distance of maybe from home to Kingston and back! - Didn't know I was going till about 1:00 and by 5:00 - had gotten

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- out to the plane, gone there,
transacted my business and
had returned to our home field
here - awaiting transportation to
our sqdr area! Usually it
never occurs to me about
how unorganized our lives are
as to what & when we will
do something, personally, that is;
or how many things can take
place in such a short space
of time - but when the thought
does creep in - and I can't help
but compare it to our former
lives, I'm really astounded!
(What a sentence! - don't hold such
things against me.)

I had a bad piece of news
the other day, but have about

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made myself content again,
now. - My orders for rotation
were in - with some others,
and only one officer was selected
to go - that one, not being
me! - I knew they were in
and am afraid I was counting
a little too much on it -
and I should have known
better by now! - Anyway, the
upshot of it is that they have
again changed the policy of
selection and once more - someone
else managed to sneak by -
The only encouraging thing is
that - they are beginning to
send people home again - and
that is a lot more than they
have been doing! Now I'm trying

5! to adopt the idea that
I'll just keep on flying for
awhile - hoping to "luck" into
some one of these trips home.
He never know just when they
might come up, and in not
setting ~~my~~ ^{my} whole aim on
any one thing maybe something
some how, will sneak up and
surprise me. After all, as long
as I can remain as lucky as
I have been, that's a whole
lot done. Doc seems to think
I will get home within the
next couple of months - so
will wait and see. If nothing
else, it seems I could go before
a medical board with "combat
fatigue" - but I'm holding that
out as my last resort. I deserve

my chance on going home, both as to time overseas (as a combat man) and ~~and~~ the number of missions I've got under my belt - so you can see why I would rather get to go under my own merits. (Of course, - the mean part is that as long as I run missions, I'm vulnerable to not coming back - but all I can do is hope + pray harder than ever.) As to the missions - I've got almost half again as many as they used to go home with and several of us, lots more than is required in any other "wing" than ours - but it all boils down to "This is the Army" and there's nothing to do but await developments.

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-- I'm trying to explain so you
can see how it is I'm always
thinking I'm on the 'home stretch'
but never seem to get to the
finishing line. - One of these days
I'll sneak over it before anyone
can change it - and then I'll
be on my way home. So you
see - your "crossed fingers" can
have a two fold purpose.
With June almost here - Doc ~~then~~
and others think I might
expect to be home at least
by my birthday! - Wouldn't
that be a nice present from
Uncle Sammy?

Have gotten several V-mails
from Sister and one today from
Fred. - Fred tells of Brother's getting

8,
another notice to appear before
the draft board - and mentioning
how they are always changing their
ideas & on the age requirements.
That, too, is a good example of
how some things are run!

Well, seems that with my
fifty five missions I've ranted
and roared enough for one
letter, and with the page number
of "8" staring me in the face,
I wonder what I could have
found to write so much about!
I'll sign off now - so keep
im crossed till one of these
days soon, we hope!

Lots of Love,
Frank